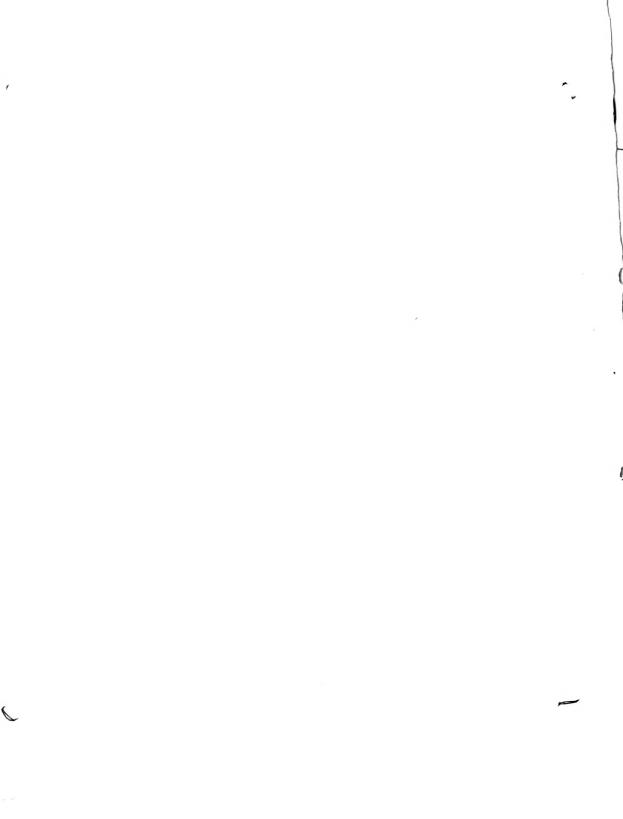
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HERALDS OF EASTER

A NEW POEM OF EASTERTIDE BY

DORA READ GOODALE

WITH DESIGNS OF

CITY-SPARROWS AND WISTERIA BLOSSOMS; WHITE DOVES AND BLOSSOMING APRICOT; SWALLOWS SKIMMING OVER WHITE DAISIES; CHIP-PING-BIRDS AND PUSSY-WILLOW

BY

FIDELIA BRIDGES

DESIGNER OF

"SONGS OF EIRDS;" "BIRDS OF MEADOW AND GROVE;" "SONGSTERS OF THE BRANCHES"



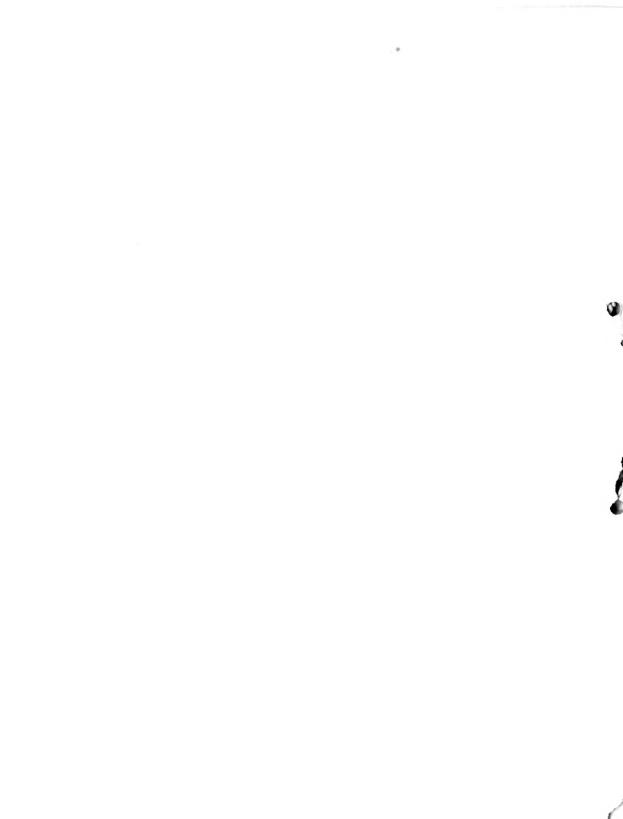
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Heralds of Easter.

The enght is hast, the heavy night of sonows,
The triping hours, who deed and alone—
Lift up your hearts to mut the happy enorm,
This trade of a future get lunchrown.

a Whisper charles the curtained gray, a Whisper wares on an annum.

Johal the insing king,

and on the crystal lair of day

The bells Higher to ring—

The bells begin to ring

HERALDS OF EASTER.

The night is past, the heavy night of sorrow,

The creeping hours, unsolaced and alone—

Lift up your hearts to greet the happy morrow,

Fair cradle of a future yet unknown.

A whisper shakes the curtained grey,

To hail the rising king,

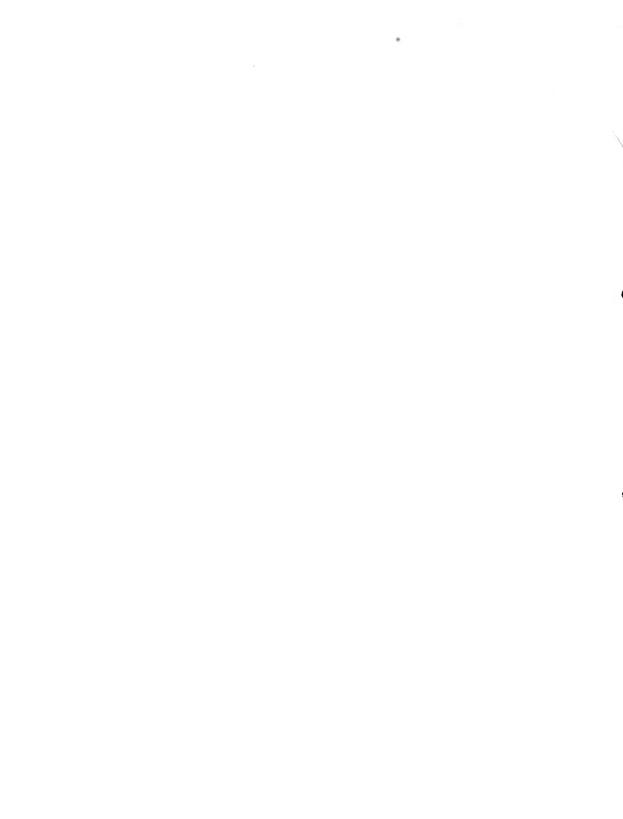
And on the crystal air of day

The bells begin to ring—

O hark!

The bells begin to ring.





Again the words of glad reliase are spoken
To very soul wite leaden grif ofpussed,
The year brings balk the old, immortal token
And hope interns to lase the burdened briast.
A look - a word, be known but how,
Our long mentment ges;
It milts before a streeter loow,
To vanish like the shows

At last
To vanish like the shows.

Again the words of glad release are spoken
To every soul with leaden grief oppressed,
The year brings back the old, immortal token
And hope returns to ease the burdened breast.
A look—a word, we know not how,
Our long resentment goes;
It melts before a sweeter vow,
To vanish like the snows
At last,
To vanish like the snows.

The laste breaks forth in Countless lager bries,
A selver sound When all before tras dumb.
The Sparnow on the Stringing vine reforces,
Training of June and rosy days to love,
The so in Hissful promise meet

The lardy gifts of Jime,

While get, bitted linguing cadence street,

The baster belfiels chime,

The baster belfiels chime.

The earth breaks forth in countless eager voices,

A silver sound where all before was dumb;

The sparrow on the swinging vine rejoices,

Dreaming of June and rosy days to come,

For so in blissful promise meet

The tardy gifts of Time,

While yet, with lingering cadence sweet,

The Easter belfries chime,

Far off

The Easter belfries chime.

As light returns, in sudden pallor stealing,
The city starts, her pulses thrill again,—
For her the breath of vital strength and healing
Whose streets and alleys teem with myriad men!





Its light returns, in sudden palla straling,
The lity Horts, her pulses thrill again;
For her the treate of vital strength and healing
Mose streets and alleys turn both impractable
On many a health her gratiful fires
a strend incress paise,
In Still the tameless heart aspires
And burns in prayer and praise,

tentaught
I horns in prayer and praise.

Long is the hight above the Ristant meadour, 18 lack, like the grain that brolds the Plut Clay; I had show the home of part the limple, thad odes, I you of a faith majestie as the clay?

A glummer lights the bastern Ney,

And from the heavens, dark and high,

The birds regin to ring.

The birds begin to ring.

Once from the Man frittles the time of thallows Found from its bracks, and laughing in the light; History shallows, Promise of Summer to the Story shallows, a brasmite has pierced the flyin laste By rasmir field and plain, and quickened to a higher bitte She trakes but all her train
She trakes but all her train-

On many a hearth her grateful fires
A sacred incense raise,
For still the tameless heart aspires
And burns in prayer and praise,—
Untaught
It burns in prayer and praise.

Long is the night above the distant meadows,

Black, like the grave that holds the silent clay:

When shall the morning part the empty shadows,

Type of a faith, majestic as the day?

A glimmer lights the Eastern sky,

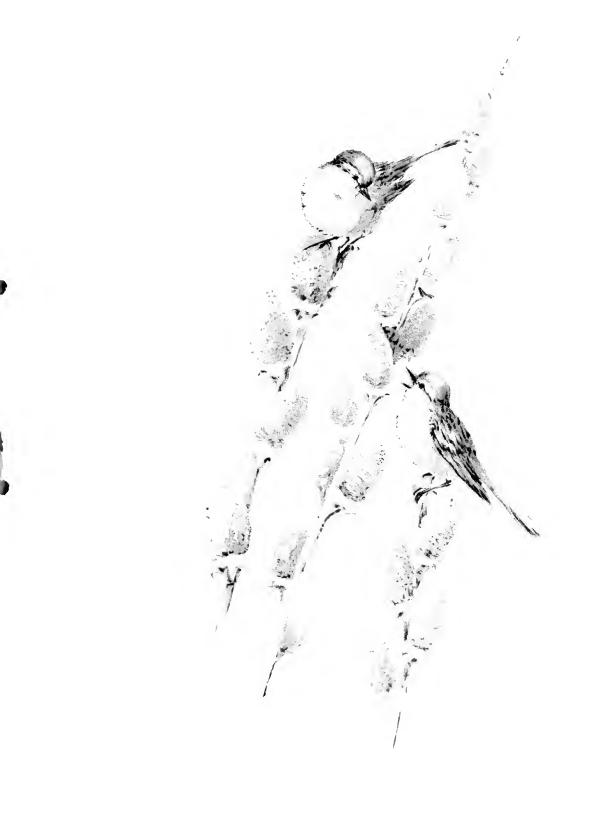
The melting flush of spring,

And from the heavens, dark and high,

The birds begin to sing—

O hush!

The birds begin to sing.





Howk, mat a brown of saption and of graning Shint, like a brown dissolving on the Bend!
Blessed be the hour of life and love returning,
Shout consolation to the brinking land!
The mayblower lifts her brilling buds,
Who try of Shet and remot
And half the billows russel brods
A silver cusemt show

I proortte;

A silver cusemt show.

Once more the stream foretells the time of swallows,
Freed from its bonds, and laughing in the light;
Glistens the grass beside the stony shallows,
Promise of summer to the hungry sight!
A warmth has pierced the frozen earth
By barren field and plain,
And quickened to a higher birth
She wakes with all her train—
O see!
She wakes with all her train.

Hark, what a burst of rapture and of yearning, Spent, like a wave dissolving on the sand. Blessed be the hour of life and love returning, Sweet consolation to the wintry land! In lowely grief, as hudless of the monow,

Inth costly vows be kept the lenter fast;

Are tro would bring the gifts of tender more

And lak are Lord amid the buried past:

But not in lay a brumbling stone

The Savir All reduces his own.

The rose and is not here!

The wee and is not here!

The wee and is not here!

The Read Fordale.

The mayflower lifts her swelling buds,
The toy of sleet and snow,
And half the willow's russet hoods
A silver crescent show
Forsooth,
A silver crescent show.

In lonely grief, as heedless of the morrow,
With costly vows we kept the lenten fast;
We too would bring the gifts of tender sorrow,
And seek our Lord amid the buried past:
But not in clay or crumbling stone
Shall deathless hope appear:
The Saviour still redeems his own—
He rose and is not here,—
Behold
He rose and is not here!
—Dora Read Goodale.







